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ATARI FORCE

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ATARI FORCE PHOENIX

ZAM
ZAM

ZAM!

PULL BACK!
YOU'RE LOSING
YOUR SHIELDS!

WITH YOUR
PROBE-SHIPS
BLASTED BY THAT
DEATH-RAY,
YOU'RE
DEFENSELESS!

WARP OUT,
OR THEY'LL
DESTROY YOU!



TOO LATE,
COMMANDER!

THAT MALAGLON
SAUCER JUST
WASTED MY LAST
REMOTE FIGHTER-
PROBE!

THAT'S A
DIRECT
ORDER!

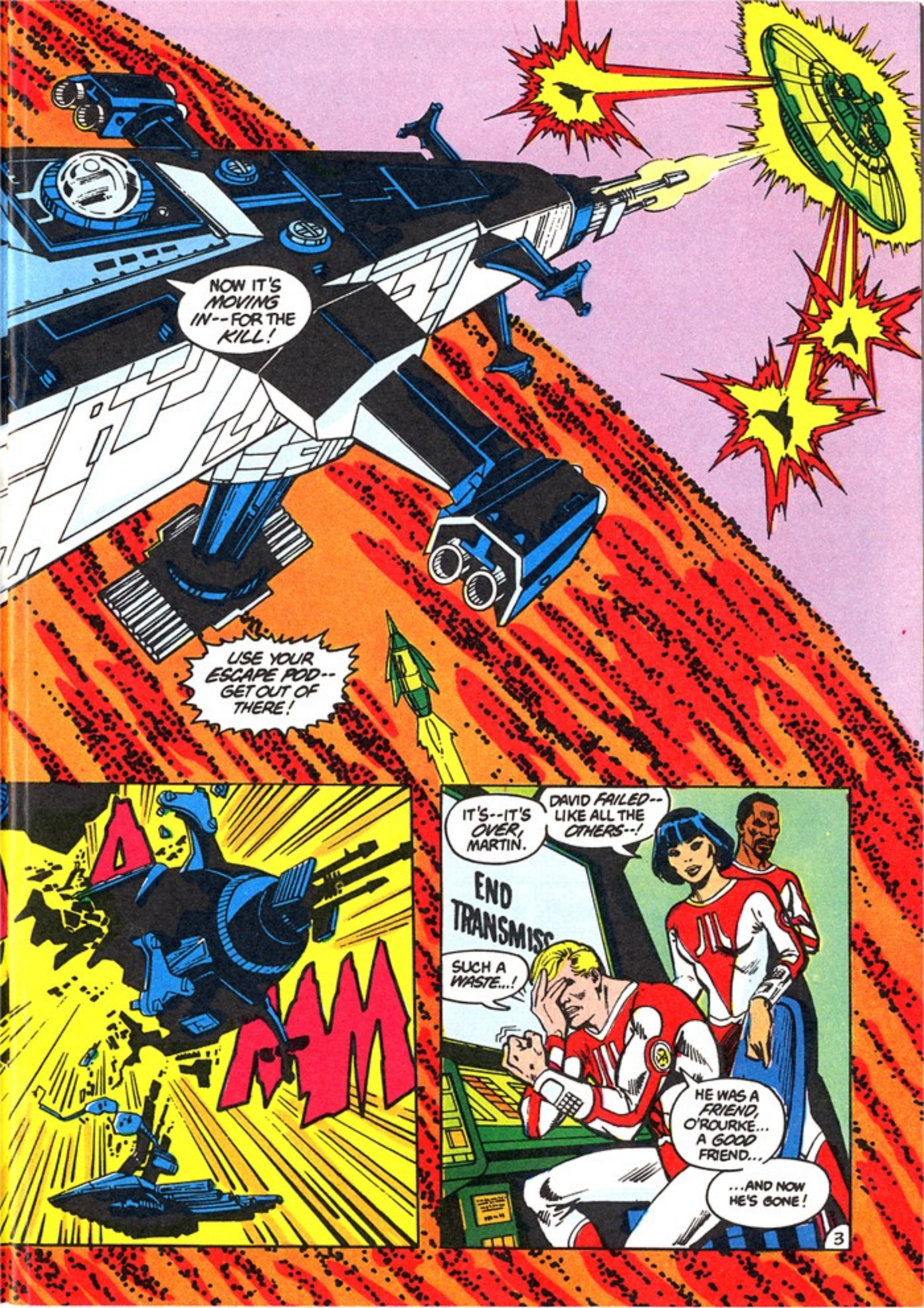
SAVE
YOURSELF!

CAN'T,
COMMANDER!
NO POWER--
NO ESCAPE
POD--

--NO
CHANCE!

YAAAA--

WHRAAAA



NOW IT'S
MOVING
IN--FOR THE
KILL!

USE YOUR
ESCAPE POD--
GET OUT OF
THERE!

IT'S--IT'S
OVER,
MARTIN.

DAVID FAILED--
LIKE ALL THE
OTHERS--!

END
TRANSMISS

SUCH A
WASTE...!

HE WAS A
FRIEND,
O'ROURKE...
A GOOD
FRIEND...

...AND NOW
HE'S GONE!

ATARI HEADQUARTERS COMPLEX, IN NORTHCAL, ON THE WAR-WEARY GLOBE KNOWN AS EARTH, IN THE YEAR 2005 A.D...

ATARI TECHNOLOGY AND RESEARCH INSTITUTE, HOPE FOR EARTH'S FUTURE AND HOME BASE FOR COMMANDER CHAMPION AND THE ATARI FORCE...

YOU'RE BLAMING YOURSELF, MARTIN-- AND YOU SHOULDN'T.

DAVID HAD THE BEST TRAINING MY SECURITY TEAM COULD PROVIDE--

MAYBE YOUR BEST WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH, LI SAN.

CHAMPION DIDN'T MEAN THAT, O'ROURKE.

HE'S BEEN UNDER A TERRIBLE STRAIN SINCE THE PHOENIX.

BUT MAYBE HE'S RIGHT, LUCAS--

NONSENSE.

-- YOU'RE VOLUNTEERS, ALL OF YOU.

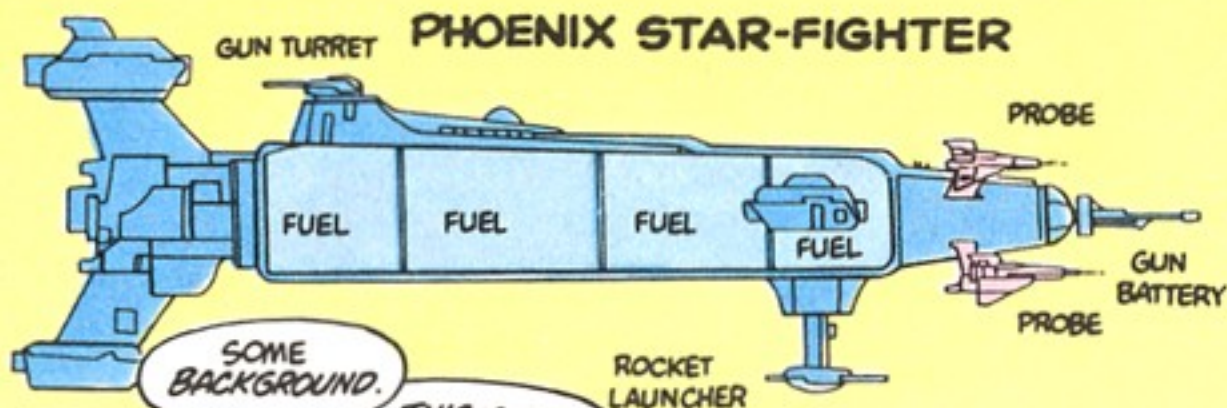
BUT I WONDER IF YOU FULLY REALIZE--

-- YOU'RE VOLUNTEERING FOR A MISSION THAT'S ALMOST CERTAIN SUICIDE!

SO FAR, MISSION: PHOENIX HAS CLAIMED TEN LIVES.

FRIENDS OF YOURS... FRIENDS OF MINE...

...AND THE END IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

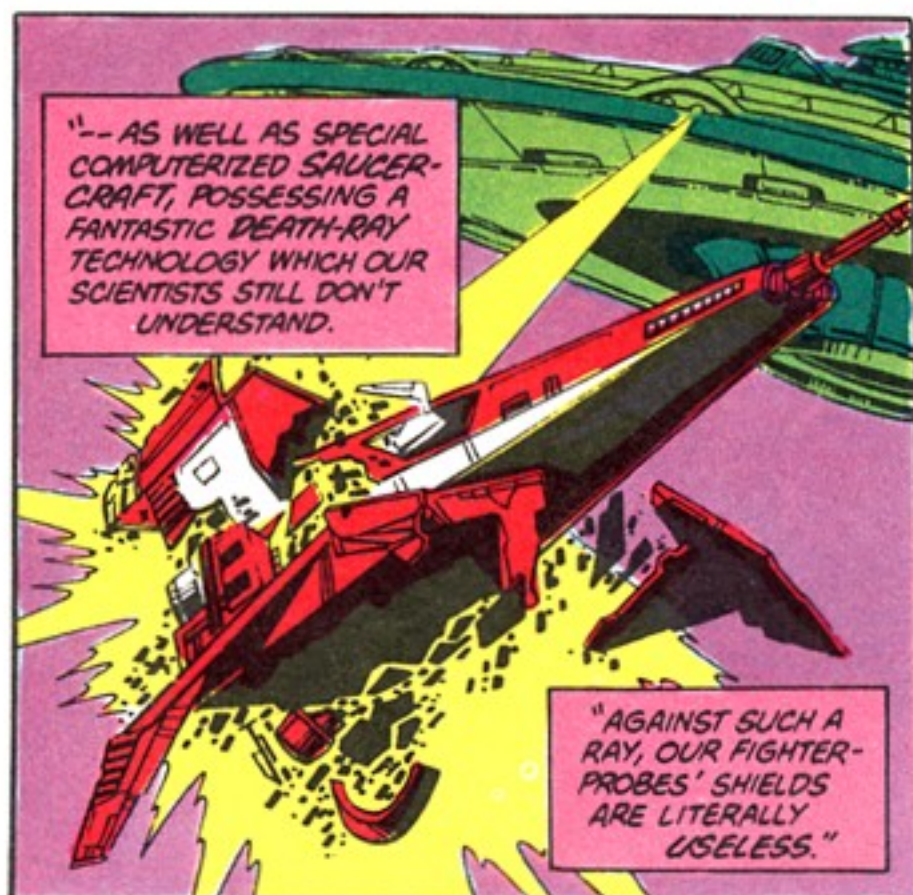
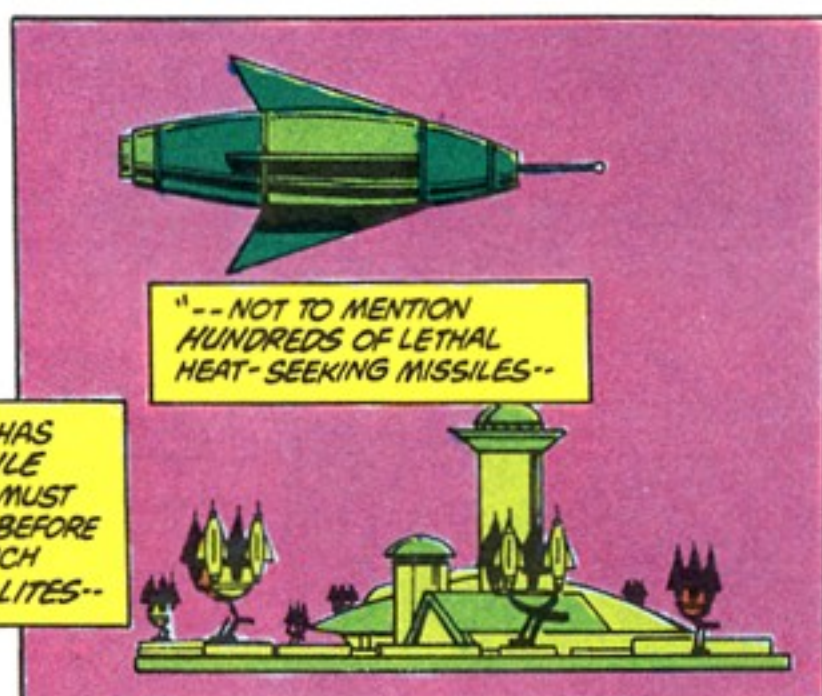
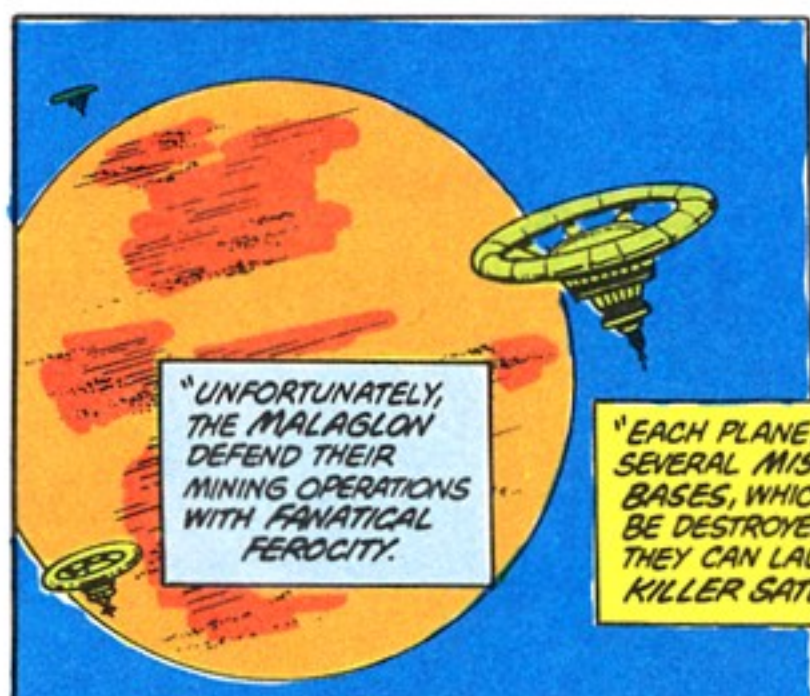
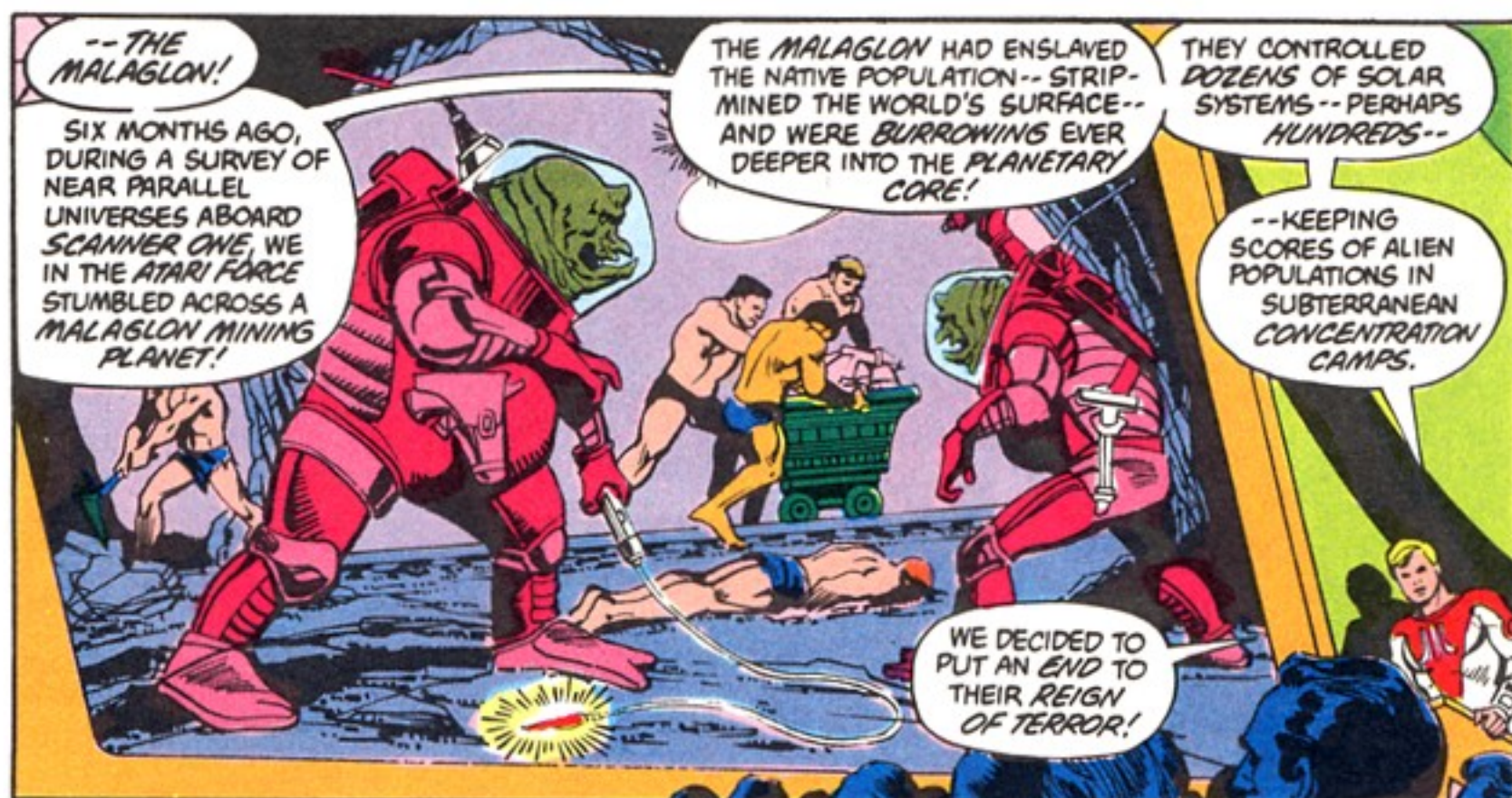


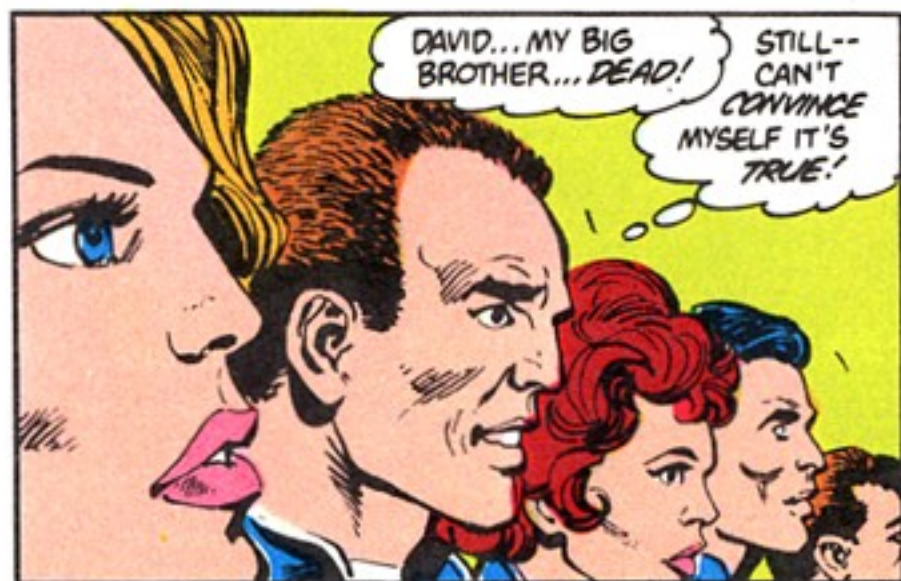
SOME BACKGROUND.

THIS IS THE PHOENIX STAR-FIGHTER, DESIGNED BY ATARI ENGINEERS TO INCORPORATE THE MOST ADVANCED REMOTE-WEAPON SYSTEM EVER CONCEIVED--

--FOUR SEPARATE FIGHTER-PROBES, WHICH DETACH FROM THE MAIN SHIP AND ACT IN FORMATION, UNDER THE PHOENIX PILOT'S DIRECT CONTROL.

THE PHOENIX'S TARGET--



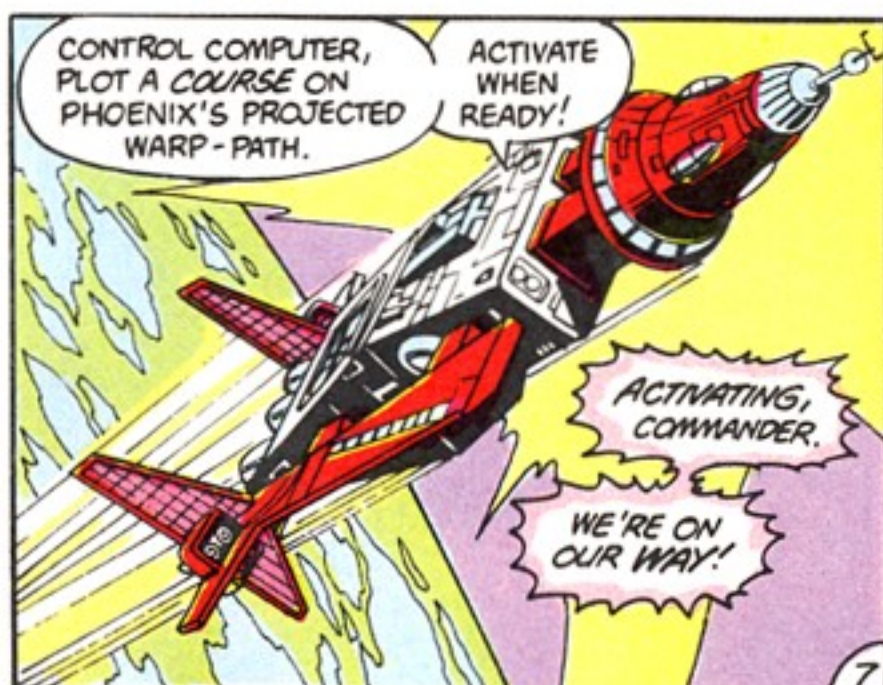


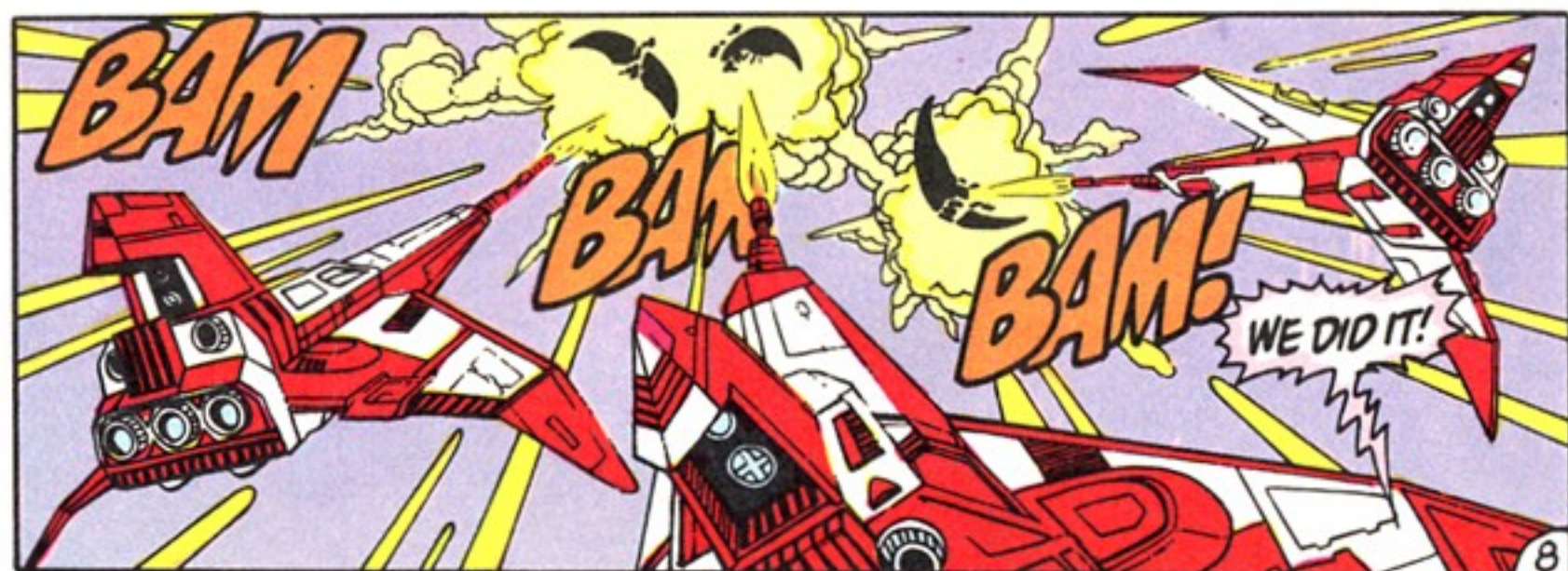
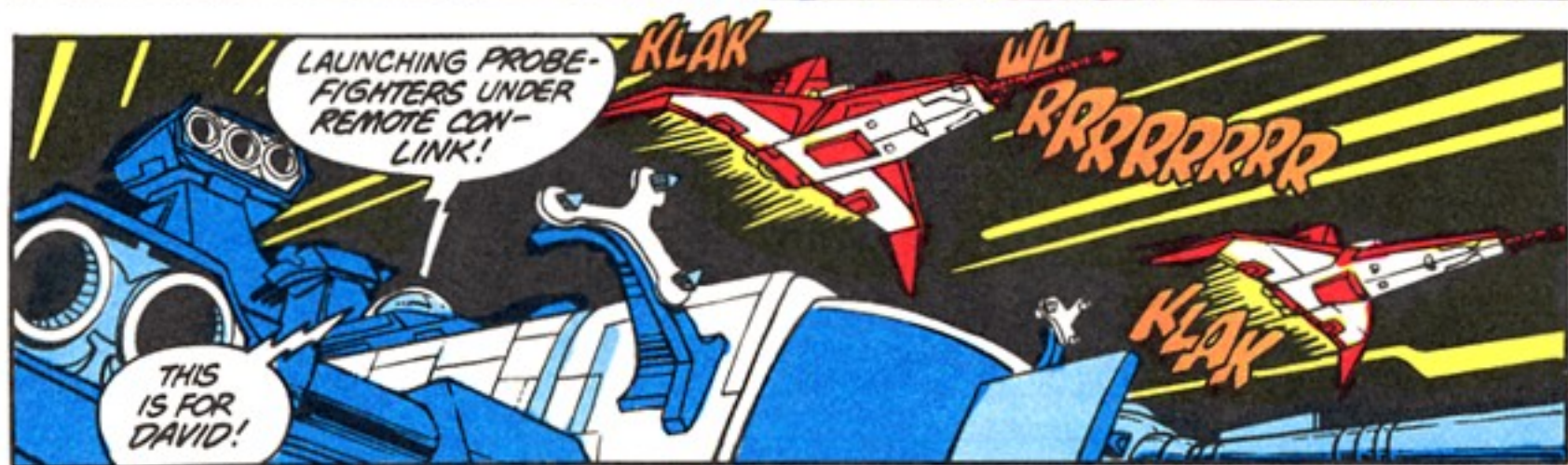
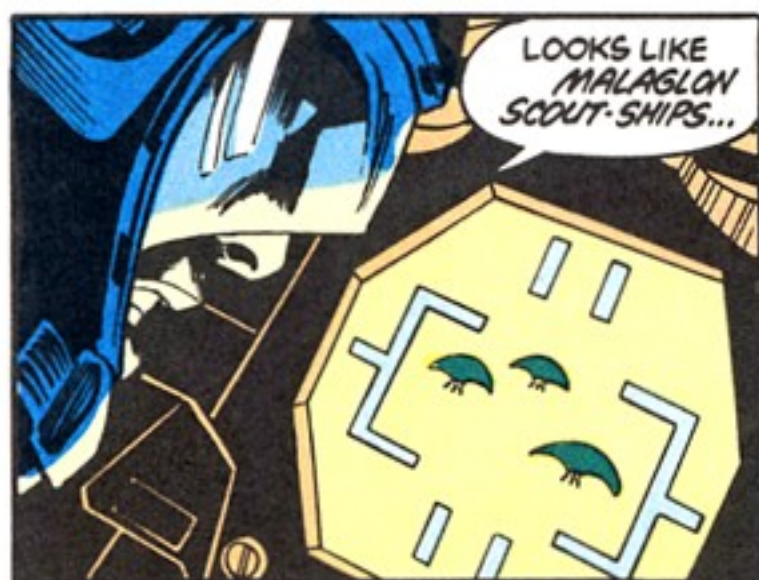
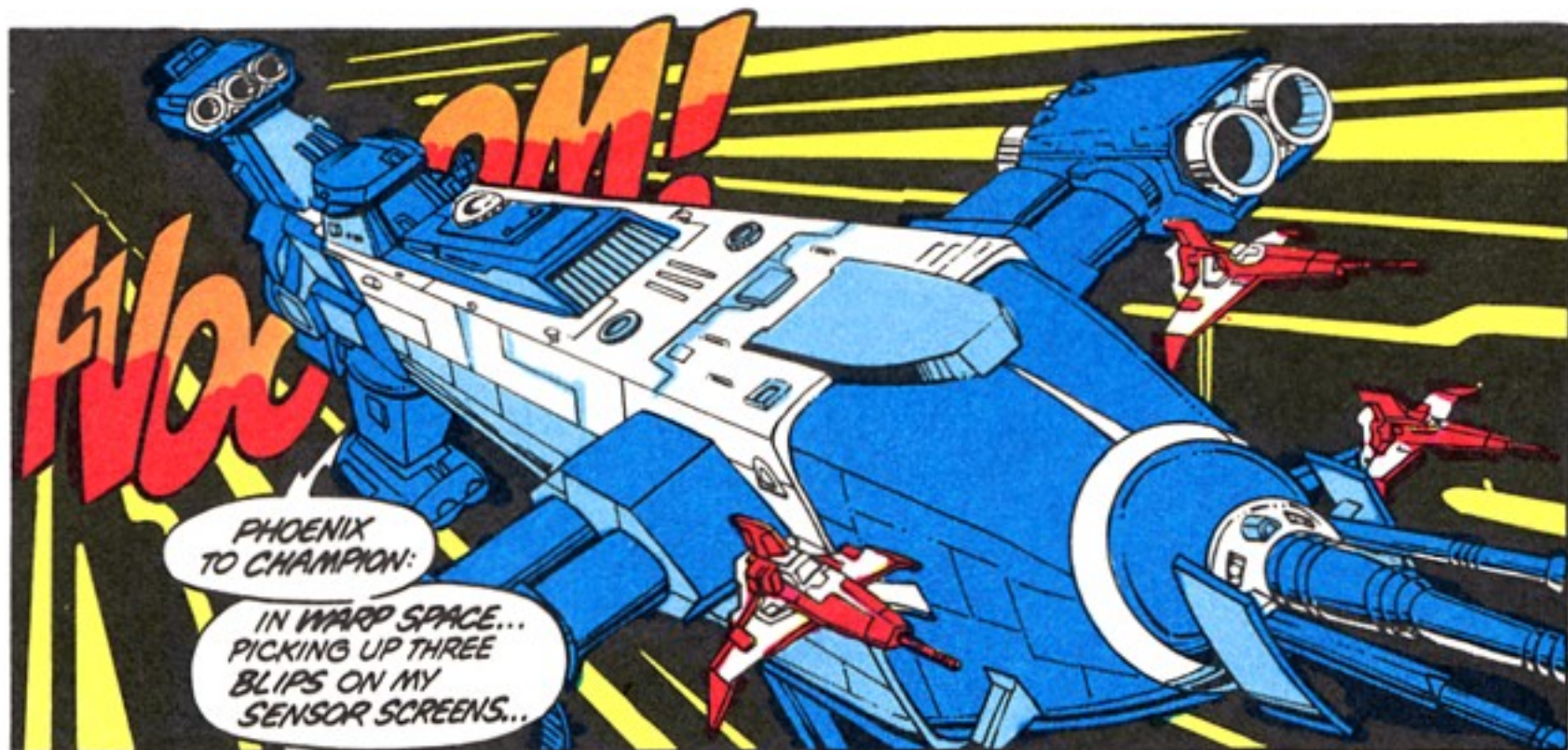
LIFT-OFF!

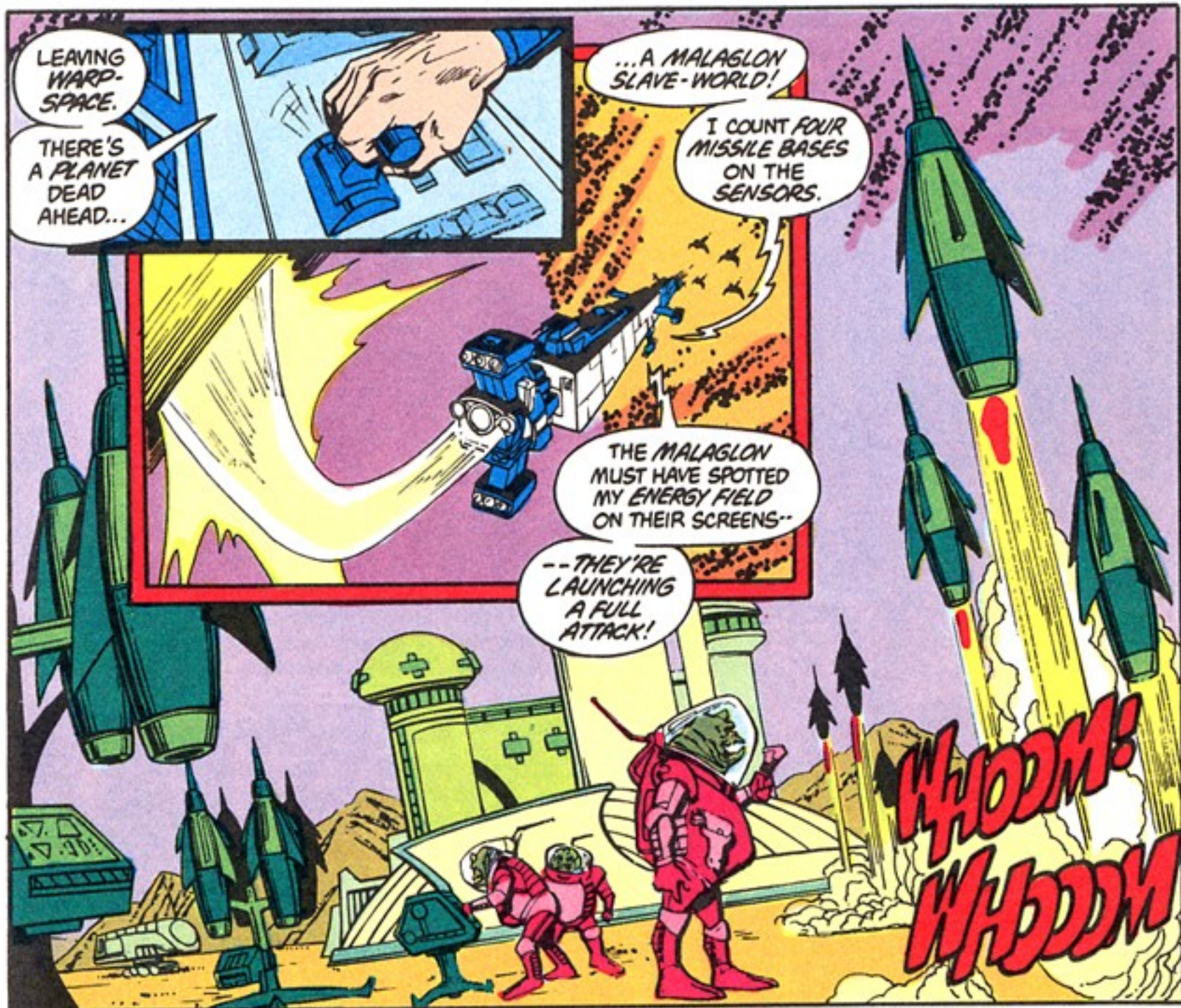
FROM THE BATTLE-SCARRED GLOBE KNOWN AS EARTH, TWO FANTASTIC CRAFT RISE SPACEWARD, BORNE ON PILLARS OF INVISIBLE FIRE.

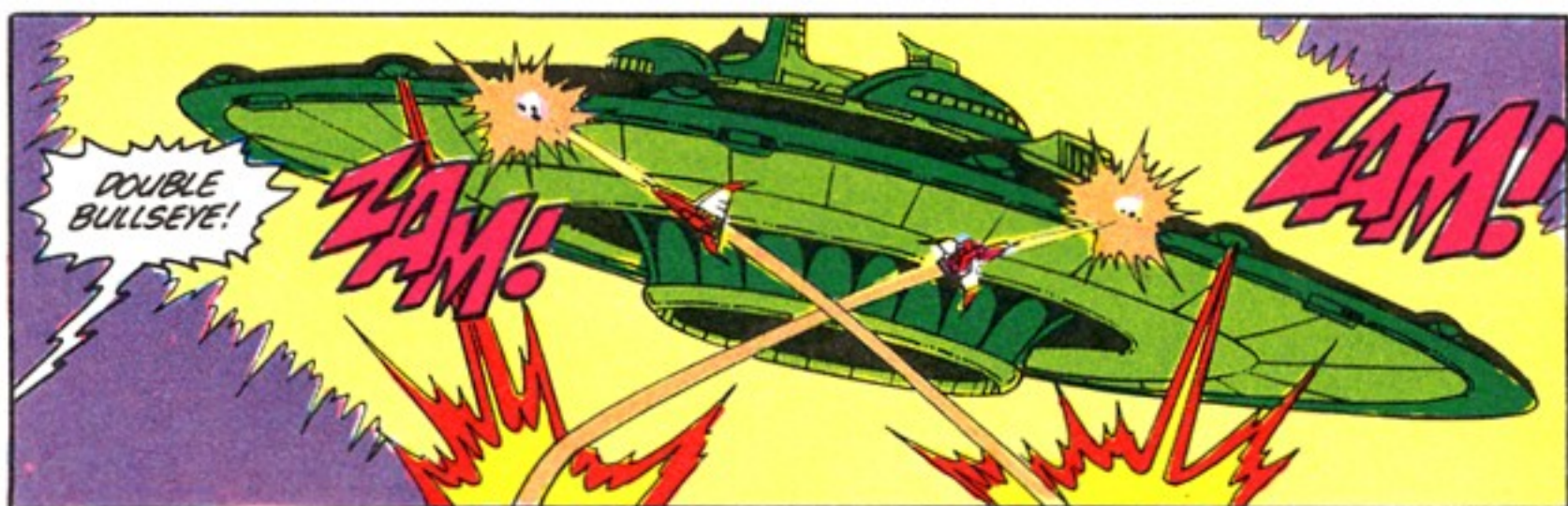
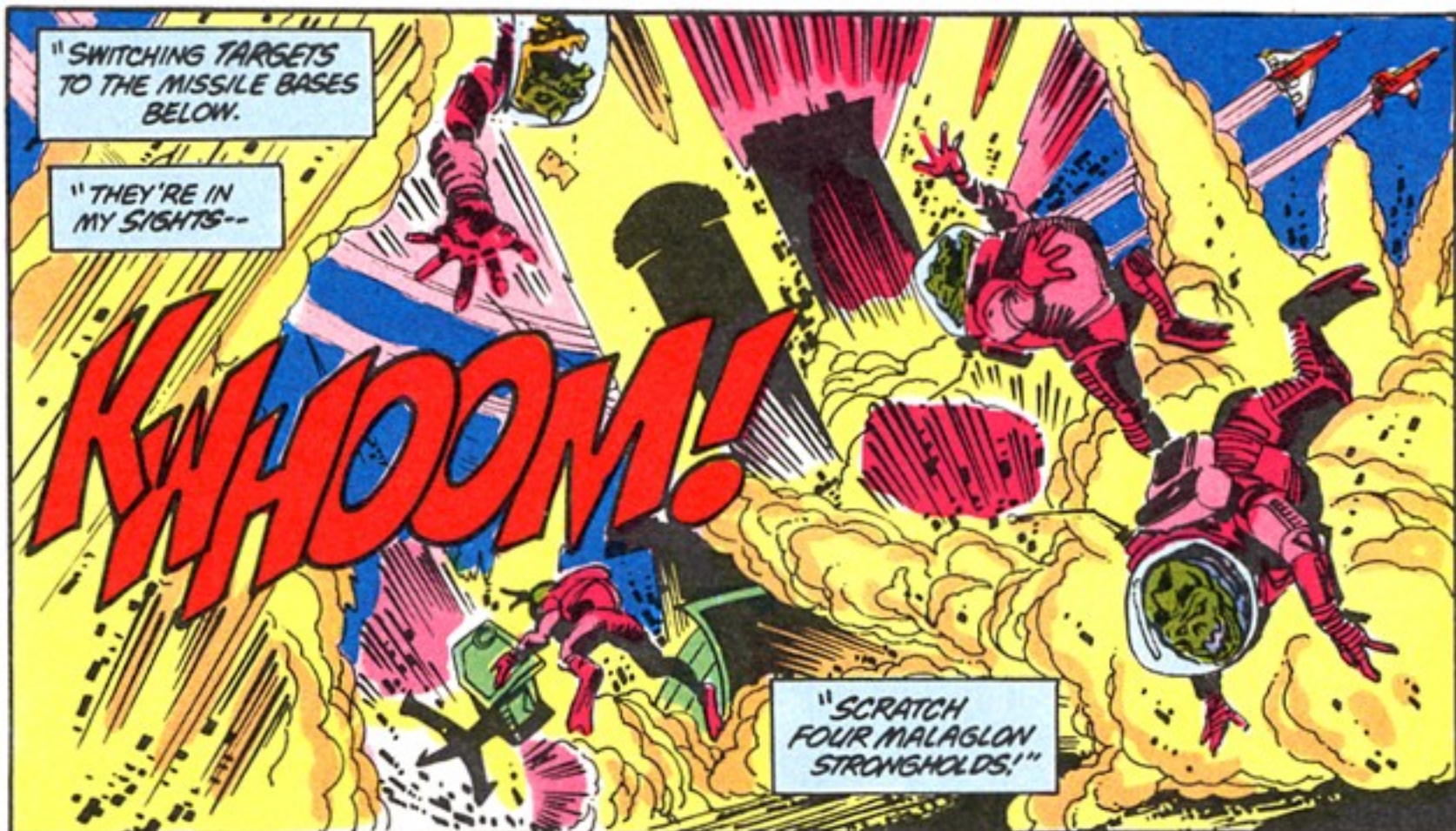
THE FIRST BRISTLES WITH WEAPONRY, FOR THIS IS THE PHOENIX STAR-FIGHTER, MOST ADVANCED WAR-CRAFT EVER TO LEAVE EARTH'S ORBIT.

THE SECOND, SMALLER, IS SCANNER ONE, SCOUT SHIP OF THE ATARI FORCE, UNDER THE CONTROL OF COMMANDER CHAMPION AND MASTER PILOT PEREZ.









SCANNER ONE,
IN HYPER-
SPACE:

DELAYED
TRANSMISSION
COMING IN FROM
PHOENIX,
COMMANDER.

MARCUS
IS ALIVE--

--AND APPARENTLY,
HE'S WINNING!

SWITCH IT TO THE
MAIN MONITOR,
LYDIA.

I JUST HOPE
MARCUS ISN'T
GETTING COCKY!

--JUST KNOCKED
OUT MY EIGHTH
MALASLOV STAR
SYSTEM, COMMANDER.

THAT MAKES TWENTY-
FOUR WORLDS WE'VE
FREED.

I'M SENDING YOU THEIR
COORDINATES.

I'M BETTING
THE WORST IS
OVER.

DON'T
COUNT
ON IT!

"SEVERAL PLANETS
LAUNCHED KILLER
SATELLITES...

"...OTHERS HAD A
FANTASTIC
ROTATION PERIOD
THAT MADE TAR-
GETING THEIR
MISSILE BASES
DIFFICULT...

"...AND SEVERAL GAS
GIANTS FIRED STRANGE
FIREBALLS THAT ALMOST
WIPE OUT MY PROBE-
FIGHTERS IN SPITE OF
THEIR DEFENSE
SCREENS.

"AND, OF COURSE,
THE SAUCER-CRAFT
WERE A CONSTANT
DANGER..."

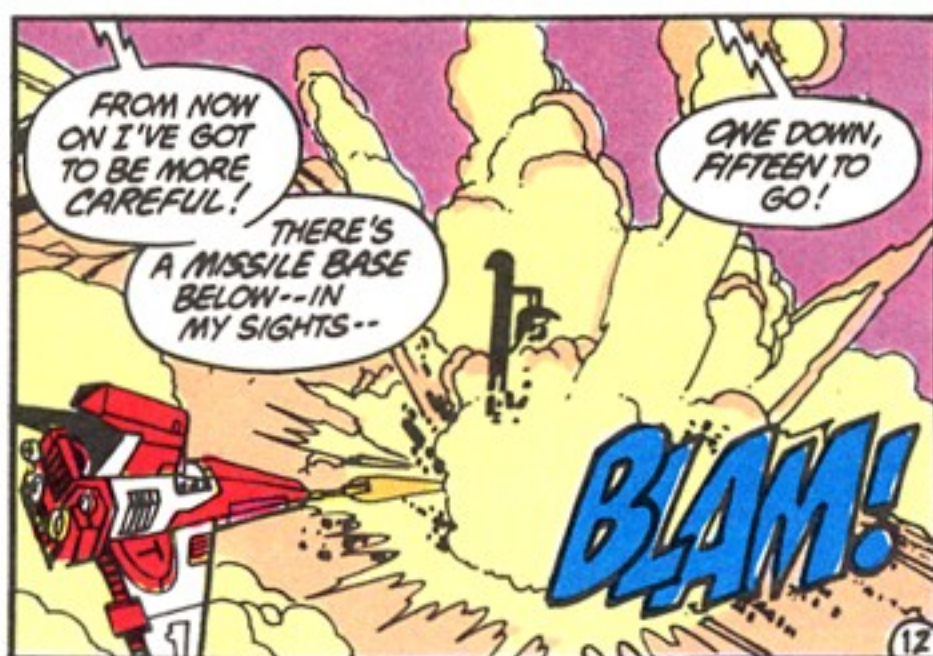
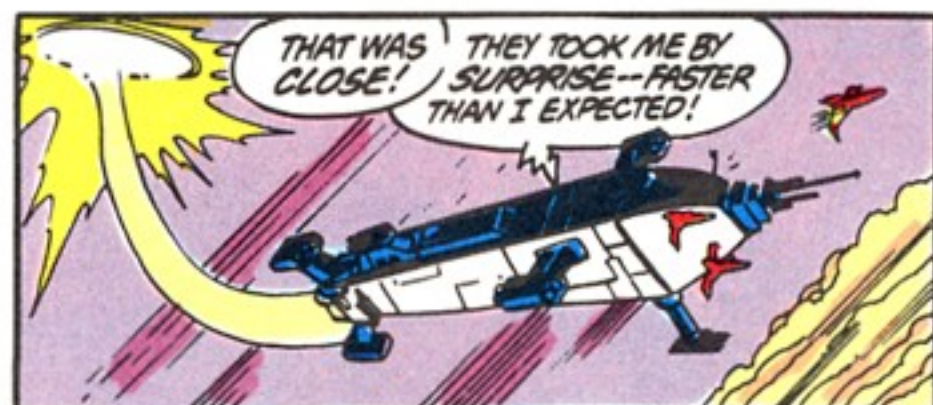
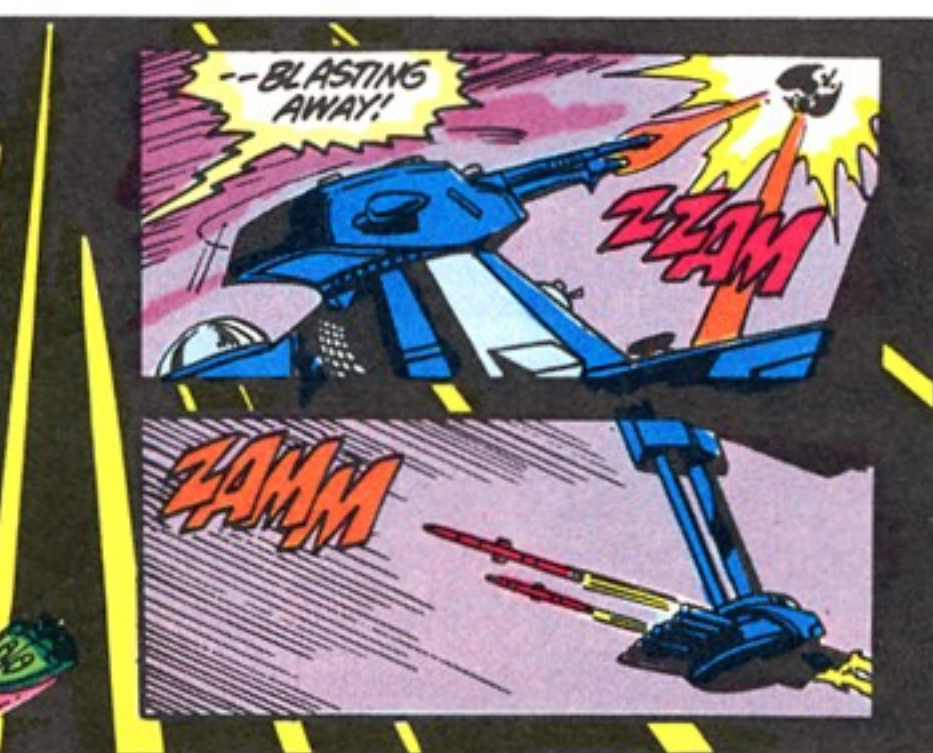
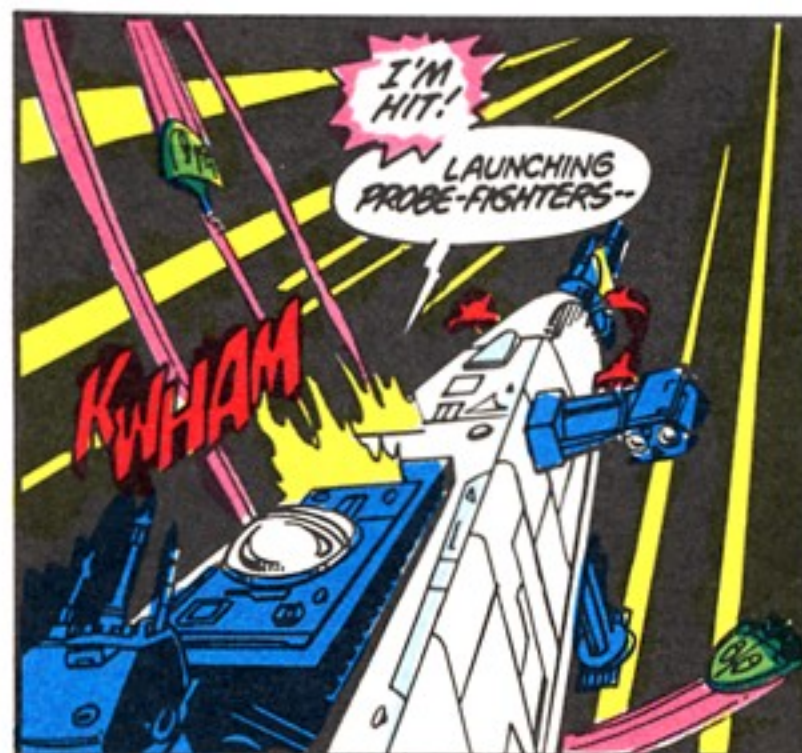
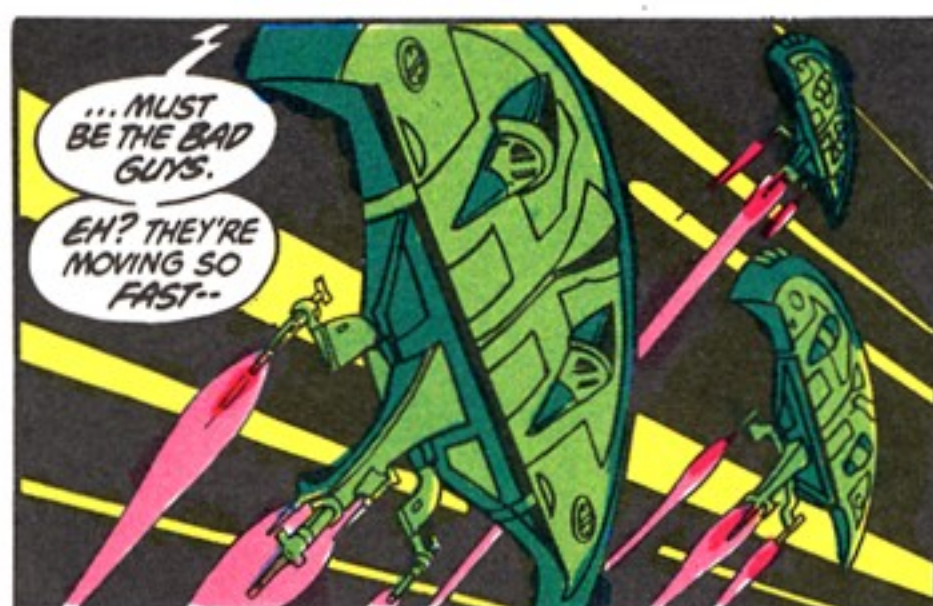
MARTIN,
HE HAS
TO BE
RECALLED!

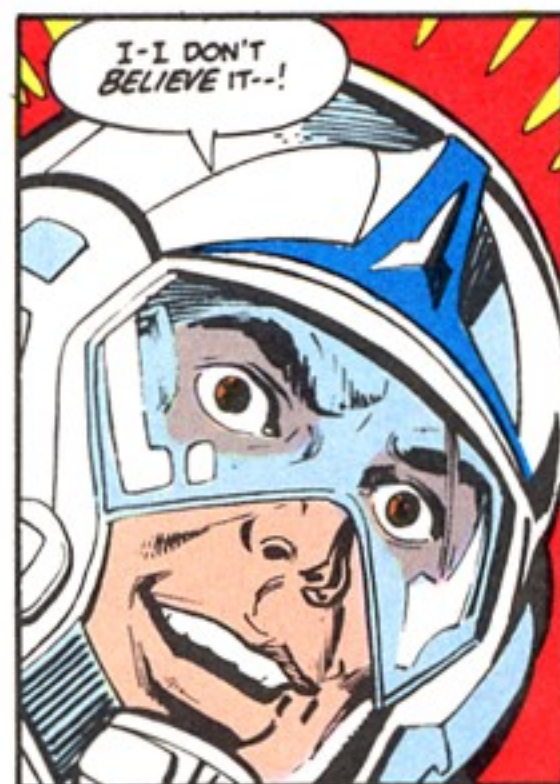
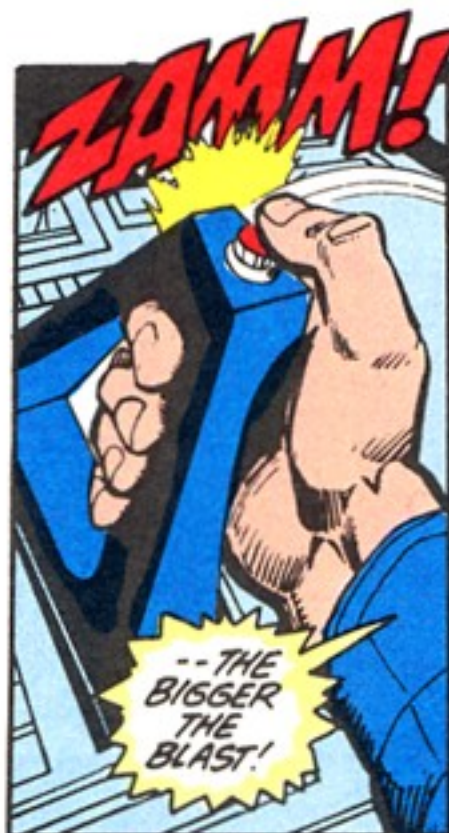
NO ONE CAN
STAND UP TO
THAT KIND OF
CONTINUOUS
ONSLAUGHT...

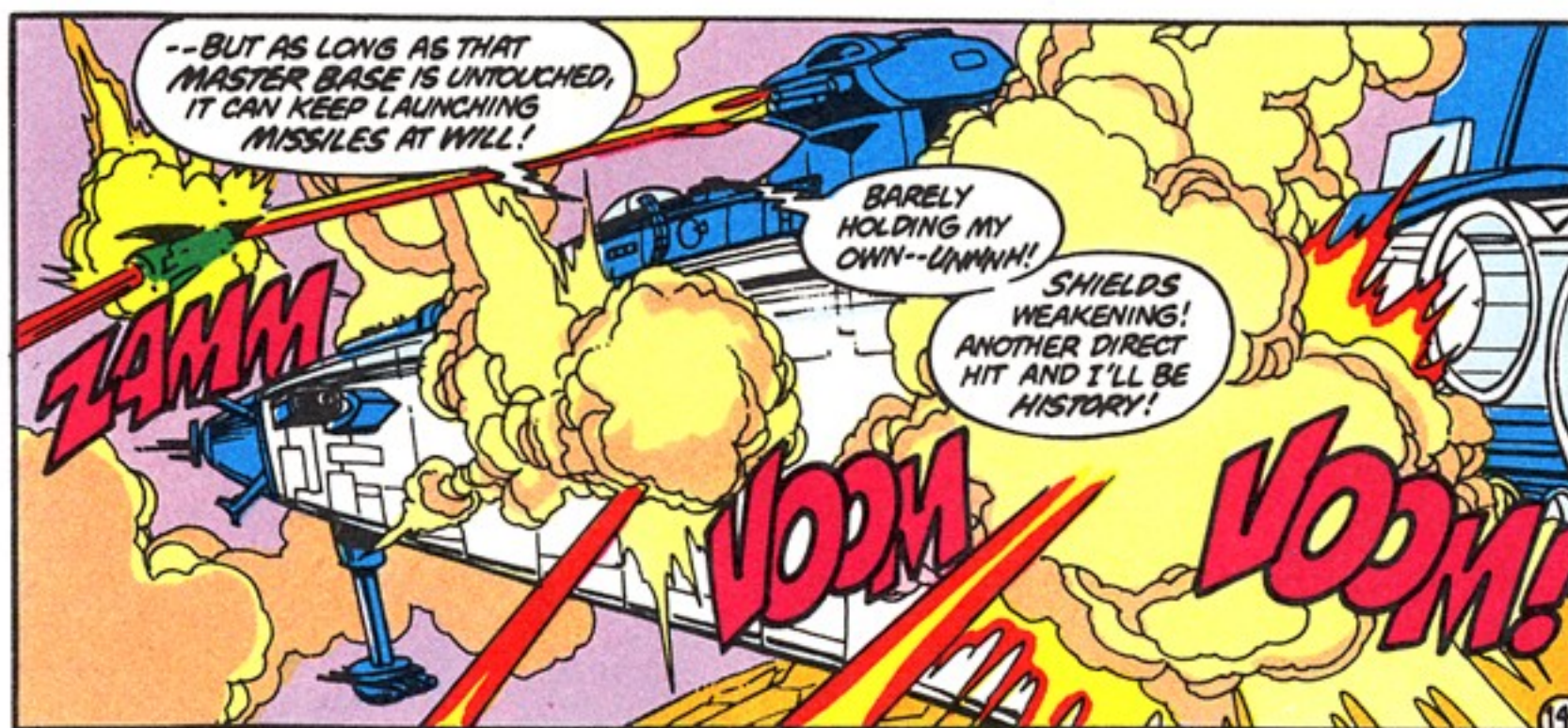
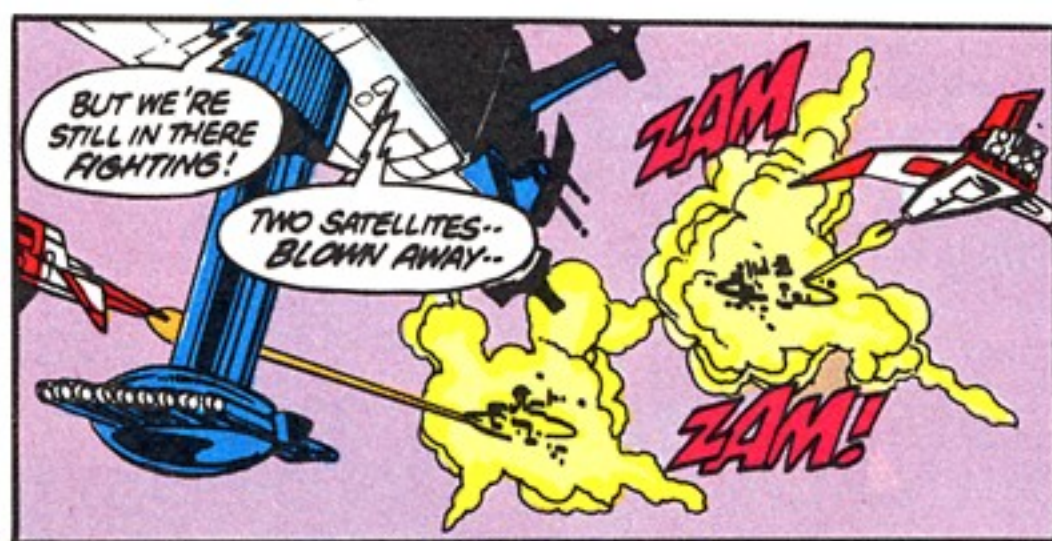
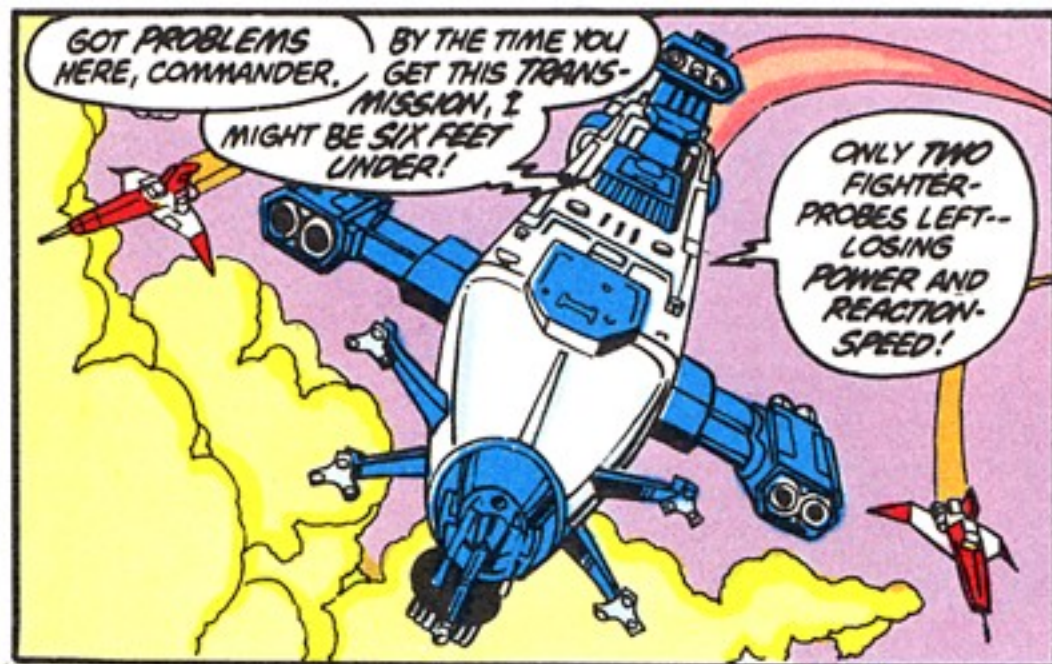
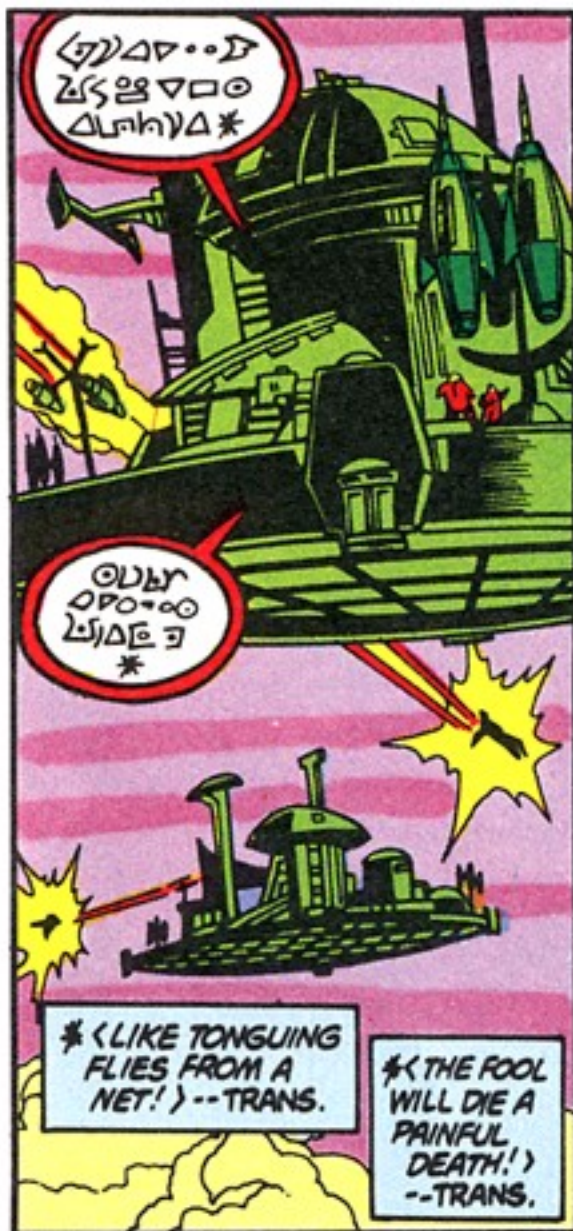
HE CAN'T HEAR
US, LYDIA--
WE'RE TOO
DISTANT!

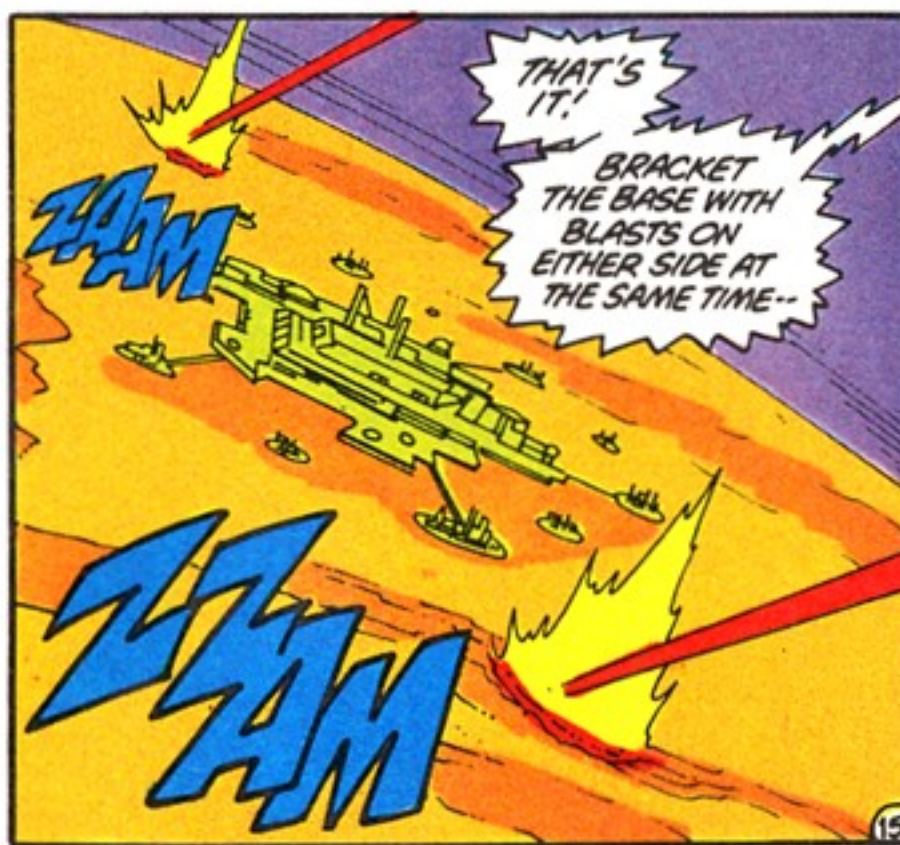
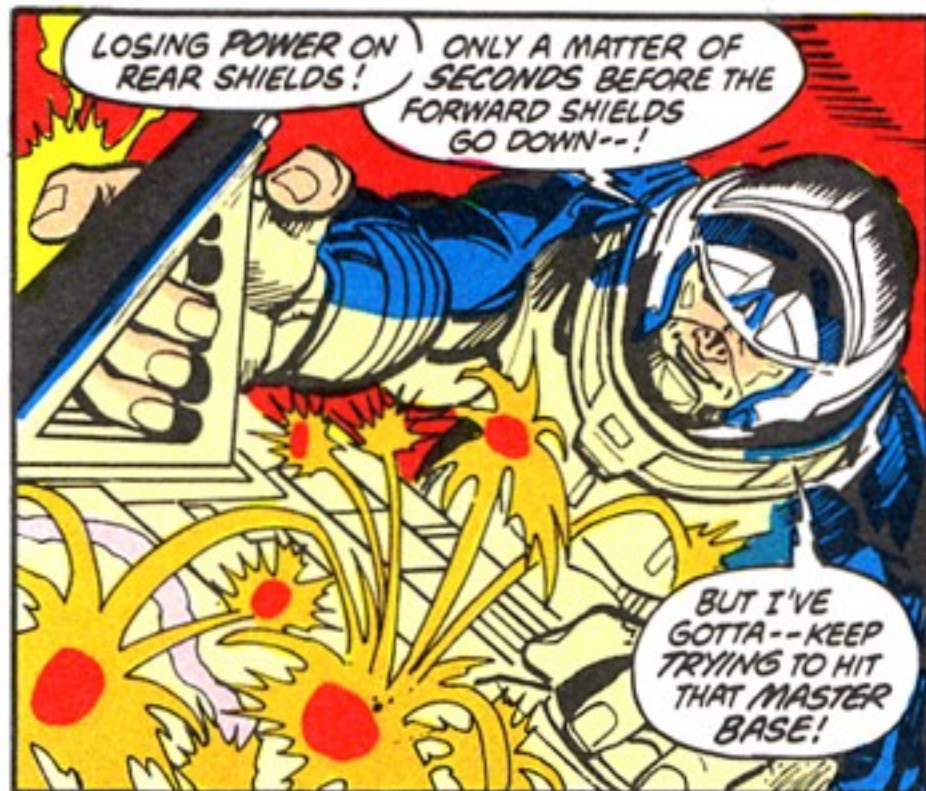
WHETHER WE LIKE
IT OR NOT--

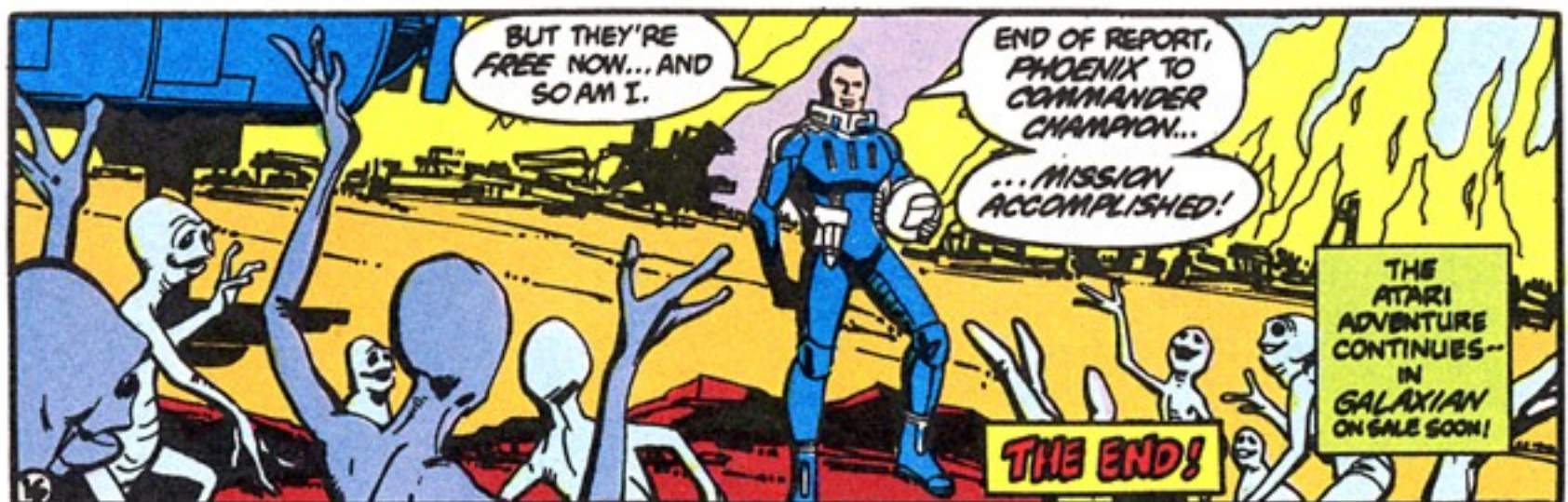
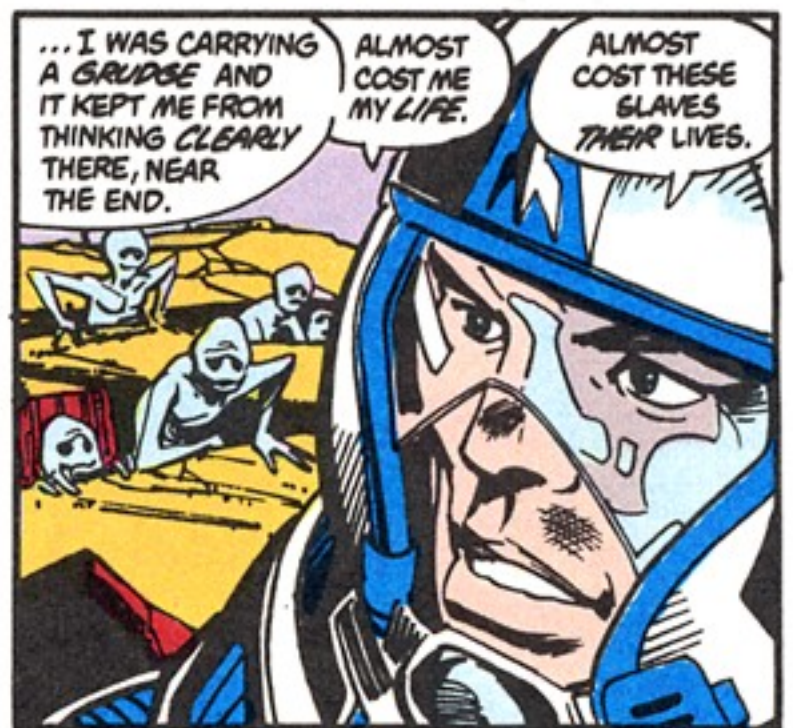
--HE'S ON
HIS OWN!













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